

About the Author

S.L. Peeran hails from an illustrious family of erstwhile Mysore State. His great grandfather was a renowned Arabic, Persian & Urdu scholar & poet and was bestowed with a title of 'Siraj-ul Ulma' (Sun Among Scholars). His grand father received the title of 'Moin-ul-vizarath (Pillar of Ministry) from late Maharaja of Mysore for his services to the State. His father was an Engineer and also Sajjada-Nishin of Darga of Saint Hz-Qader awaliya Srirangapatna.

Peeran graduated from St. Joseph's College, Bangalore during 1969 in Natural Sciences, completed Law from Govt. Law College, Bangalore and Post-Graduate Diploma in Social Service Administration from National Institute of Social Sciences, Bangalore. He entered the legal profession in 1976. He became part-time Professor of Law for eight years in Havanur Law College, Bangalore. He had a very successful legal career before being selected as Member-Judicial of Customs, Excise & Gold (Control) Appellate Tribunal (later came to be known as Customs, Excise, Service Tax Appellate Tribunal), New Delhi in 1989. He was transferred to Southern Bench Chennai in March, 1998. He was transferred to Bangalore in March 2004 and took voluntary retirement in July 2009.

Peeran has been deeply interested in Sufism, in study of human growth & development, Urdu & English Poetry. He published his first book "The Essence of Islam & Sufism & its impact on India" from New Delhi in 1998. Peeran started penning his experiences initially in Urdu poems in 1997 and from Dec. 1997, he started writing poems in English as well. He has completed Twelfth volumes of poems in English: "In Golden Times", "In Golden Moments", "A Search From Within", "In Silent Moments", "A Ray of Light", "A Call From The Unknown", "New Frontiers", "Fountains of Hope", "In Rare Moments", "In Sacred Moments", "Glittering Love" and "Garden of Bliss" He has written short stories titled "Glass house and other short stories"

He is the editor of Sufi World, A Journal of Sufi Culture, philosophy and literature [Islamic Spirituality - Tasawwuf] and trustee of International Sufi Centre. He has authored books on Islam and Sufism.

Poets International Bangalore has also nominated him as "Best Poet for 2003". International Poetry Academy, Chennai has also awarded him with "Best Poet" award for 2009.

Peeran is inspired to write poetry in search of truth and to discover his own self. He is inspired by the theory and practice of Sufism.

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Eternal Quest

ETERNAL QUEST



S.L. Peeran

S. L. Peeran

Eternal Quest

(A Thirteenth Collection of Poems)

S. L. Peeran

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Dedicated

to

*"The innocent victims of wars,
terrorism in Middle East and
Other parts of the world"*

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Foreword to Eternal Quest (A Thirteenth Collection of Poems)

By Patricia Prime

S.L. Peeran's collection, *Eternal Quest*, exhibits a mature, thoughtful voice. The poems are skilled and well-crafted. There is a deep love of the worlds of nature and the imagination, which is not sentimental but knowledgeable and perceptive. The more I read, the more I felt that most of the poems actually create a kind of halfway house, halfway between the security of the imagination and the presence of the real world.

Peeran writes lyrics about people, places and ideas that no matter how lucid they are – and they always are – rarely do they lose that element of mystery, that sense of the numinous, which is inseparable from the best poetry: the sense of something beyond the sense of what is there. In his poems he is able to detach himself from the stress and conflict of the everyday world to connect with his innermost self. In his poems he is able to bear witness to the uninterrupted flow of events of the external world. His poems chronicle his observations and communications between this world and his thoughts and ideas.

In Peeran's writing he also engages with serious political concerns underscored with deeply personal experiences. The world 'out there' of unrest, injustice and conflict is not something to be compartmentalised but co-exists with the domestic on equal terms. A flower or a childhood memory blossoms next to the horrors of conflict. He is not a poet to shy away from life but pushes language into its face until it screams.

Poetry happens along the divide between thinking and

dreaming, so what better medium with which to address the equally pervasive duality of things as they are versus things as we wish to see them: the It and the I which humanism has tried to equate with objectivity and subjectivity; science has no more codified the universal It than religion has the universal I. So here we are, in the poetry of S.L. Peeran, a master poet, master of the interstice: the paradox that is our own cause and effect. Here is where we leave the innocent world for the world of moral responsibility.

Certainly, *Eternal Quest*, is a strong collection. Characteristically, serious in mood, formally assured, wide-ranging in references and exploratory, the poems may indeed be read as variations upon frames, stopping places, ideas and meanings in a continuing journey. This is the travel or re-tracing, and the possibilities of discovery remain open.

Patricia Prime

Co-editor of *Kokako*

Reviews/Interviews Editor of *Haibun Today*

Reviewer/Interviewer for *Takahe*

Reviewer for *Atlas Poetica* & other journals

PREFACE

Here I am presenting my thirteenth collection of poems "Eternal Quest". My poetry as described by many of the reviewers has assumed different dimension.

Dr. Krishna Srinivas, Editor-in-Chief "Poet", in his foreword to my work "In Golden Times" had this to say

"Like Blake, Peeran sees the world in a grain of sand and eternity in an hour.

An administrator lispig in numbers may sound strange but Muse in Peeran has blossomed into many-splendoured exuberance in this collection of poems- IN GOLDEN TIMES.

Every moment of Time is a mountain. Invisible, magical realities beyond our senses, float out of the unconscious, when the boundaries between the self and world are crossed. It opens expanded moments. The poet dives into these moments - one with nature, its darkness and mastery. Thus poems gleam as magical chalices, reality winking at the brim. Here in this collection, there is a self-discovery new ground to liberate emotions".

And further penned – "He writes HAIKU and TANKA with illumined vision. There is inner vibrancy, a matchless verbal incantation in his lyrics! They gleam as flames, intense and fine. They have visible brilliance. They have deep poignancy. And there is passionate naturalness in all he writes."

Dr. (Mrs.) S. Radhamani in her foreword to my work "In Golden Moments" had this to say:

"I consider it my fortuitous and fortunate occasion of privilege and memorable opportunity to write a foreword to poetical collections titled, "In Golden Moments" by S. L.

Peeran. S. L. Peeran's "In Golden Moments" comprising 103 poems indeed is a compendium of his profound observation of so much of wide themes such as Love, Death, Sleep, Penury, Loneliness, Isolation, Ennui, God, Godliness, Etc. At a time when materialism is rampant, selfishness is taking luminous proportions, S. L. Peeran, analyses in a lucid manner simultaneously the crude stark realities perpetrated by the stigma of the society on the down-trodden and oppressed:

"Life is meaningless for the wretched;

They lack sense and strength to fight or revolt

Multitudes suffer with them, parched

None possesses a will to change or to bolt" ("Chill Penury and Poverty")

His poems bring to light avidly the poet's keen sense of observation, which lead to sententious remarks.

....."But black deeds of evil men, leave no trace."

Dr. Iftikhar Husain Rizvi, D. Lit., Editor, Canopy has described in his Foreword to my work "A Search from Within" as:

"S. L. Peeran is a poet with a mission. Having unshakable faith in God, he believes that darkness will disappear, sorrows will vanish and goodness will shine for ever. It is not that he is not conscious of the darkness around, of the evil expanding its boundaries, of terrorism showing its demon-like teeth and of the destructive forces hovering around. However, he is sure, like Browning, that "God's in heaven" and if all is not right with the world, it will be right soon. He believes in the supremacy of the Supreme Being, in His mercy and His call for the merger of the soul. God is 'Divine Light, Mercy and Compassion

.The poet's faith in mysticism, Sufi-ism and spiritualism has

confirmed him as a poet of faith and hope, a poet with a healing touch and a reminder to man of his duty towards himself, life, world, faith and God. His poetry is the poetry of man and of all embracing shades of life. His Haiku poems present life in various shades and they cover life from end to end - love, peace, politics, fragrance, flowers, birds, tears, money, wine, time, dreams, aspirations, hopes, man-woman relationship, injustice, courage, all figure in his Haiku. Here is 'God's plenty'.

While Dr. C. L. Khatri, Editor Cyber Literature, in his Foreword to my work "A Ray of Light" writes:

"It has been my pleasure to go through S. L. Peeran's manuscript of 'A Ray of Light' and to pen down my personal response to it more as a reader than as a critic. S. L. Peeran is a seasoned poet with a clear vision of life, unsoiled, unaffected by the western cultural onslaught. In this anthology as in his earlier ones he comes out as one of the few poets in Indian English poetry who has overcome the lingering wasteland sensibilities looming large around us. Certainly the sufist impact on him keeps him smiling in his lines of verse. Even in a poem like "Turmoils of Life" the final note is of triumph. In this volume calm, serene and brooding atmosphere prevails upon the occasional sentimental outburst of anger and protest with an ultimate optimism.

.....Peeran is essentially a poet of faith, love, compassion and inner wisdom. The present anthology is an exploration of light with a sufist mission to spread the light of the finer sensibilities imbued in our religions. In this way poetry serves as his vehicle."

Shri Srinivasa Rangaswami in his foreword to my work "In Silent Moments" had these words to say -

"Shri S. L. Peeran, a Judicial Member of the Customs, Excise

& Gold (Control)

Appellate Tribunal, is a fascinating combination of a humane, God-loving soul of rare refinement of sensitivity, suffused with sophisticated thought and enriched and mellowed by wide experience of life, garnered from a habit of deep reflection and detached observation especially from the vantage point of his high judicial office. "Seek peace, love, goodwill/In calm stillness of the night / Deep meditation", says Shri Peeran somewhere. In Silent Moments obviously is the outcome of such meditation, when the mind is stilled and deep truths glow, from the depths of one's being, on the horizon.

Poetry is an incantation of the soul, celebration of the abiding varieties of our human existence. It mirrors a perception of the world peculiar of each poet. What invests the present collection of Shri Peeran's poetry with special significance is the exciting fact that it affords us a glimpse of its author's unique, colourful creative presence. Poetry is not merely putting together some clever lines. It is, like falling in love, a serious and blissful proposition. And, Peeran's poetry is born out of the confrontation of his whole being with Reality - with the luminous truths of life as well as its seamier manifestations. As the poet himself says, his poems are born from inner turmoils, inner sorrows, inner questionings, inner joys, inner frustrations and ecstasies.

Speaking at a Seminar in Bangalore sometime ago, Poet Gordon Hindley observed:

"I define poetry as that utterance which, apparently presenting a particular - an individual - thing or event, in fact emphasizes the universal experience within which the particular thing or even occurs. True poetry thus leads us

beyond the personal towards an even more immediate yet greater awareness. It brings about an awakening; and enriching of our nature."

And proceeding to cite some specimens of poetry which according to him accomplished this, the speaker quoted among others some of Shri Peeran's verses. Can there be a better tribute paid to a poet?

Shri Peeran is a delectable fusion of a serene elevated soul with the sensitivity and sensuousness of an aesthetic being. A genuine reverence and wonder for Nature and an all-enveloping love run through all his utterances. With moving faith he voices his fervent hope:

Somewhere, someone, someday

Will sow the seeds of affection

To bloom as fragrant flowers

To fill the gardens of love.

And further concluded by saying Poet Peeran is a mellowed individual, in consuming love with life with all its beauty - and yes, its ugliness as well. A haiku of his speaks of a moth:

A candle flickers

A moth circumambulates, burns

In ever deep love.

One is left wondering whether Poet Peeran here is not speaking of himself."

Dr. Gordon Hindley writes "S. L. Peeran is a worthy Lakshana or sign post of the best in all of us and in Indian English writing." While Bernard Jackson writes "A delightful collection by a writer who combines sincerity with craftsmanship - a fine command of English!"

Dr. D. C. Chambial, Editor Poet Critics, in his foreword to my eighth collection of poems "Fountains of Hopes" writes:

"The poems are topical in consonance with the mood of the poet at its best in his moments of imagination gleamings from the moods of the inspired world. The poet partakes them with his readers: it is here a poet moves into the minds of his readers and lets them experience, for themselves, the same joy and sorrow, hope and despair that he has felt in his moments of ecstasy."

Dr. M. Fakruddin, Editor Poet International, in his foreword to seventh collection of poems "New Frontiers" writes:

"S. L. Peeran is a bilingual poet. He writes in Urdu and in English very effectively. You can easily find Sufism in his verses. He has carved out a style for himself. His expressions are very simple but powerful. The usage of syntax and rhyme scheme in his poems created an impact in the minds of the readers. Naturally, he gives more importance to the content than the structural form while expressing his thoughts."

In his foreword to the ninth collection of poems "In Rare Moments", Dr. Krishna

Srinivas, Editor Poet, says:

"Peeran has gained many distinctions and he is the right man to regain what all we have lost. He cries down the crimes and injustices that prevail everywhere today. Like President Kalam and Daisaku Ikeda of Japan, he visions a paradise that will come."

Dr. C. Anna Latha Devi, in her introduction of my Ninth Collection of poems "In

Rare Moments" writes:

"Poet Peeran has created a special place for himself in the galaxy of Indian English poetry. It is indeed a pleasure to read Peeran's poems because though long or short, lyric or haiku, they are packed with thoughts to ponder. Mathew Arnold, the great critic of poetry has advocated in his study of poetry that there must be perfect blending of "matter and manner" or subject and style", two essential qualities to make a perfect work of art. These are blended in such a way that Peeran's poems belong to the Great Order of Poetry. Moreover, the poems bear the stamp of Poet Peeran combined with uniqueness which can be termed as "Peeransique", (if I am permitted to use the term)".

Dr. Shujaat Hussain observes In Sacred Moment's as follows

Dr. S. L. Peeran is a kind of poet having enchanting appeal of a poetic melody with seriousness of the meaning and reality of the thought. He is a particular sort of poet who indulges in useful and upgrading expressions that lead and arouse healthy passions that favours the art of poetry.

Dr. Peeran is so much engrossed in perception of poetry that he composes poetry in praise of God, the truth and condemns falsehood and all sort of evils that delude man from right thinking.

The English Sufi poet Peeran is to be known for In Sacred Moment, a monument of excellent rhetoric which dexterously combines experience and demonstration of the way to salvation. Some devotional poems therein combine a homely familiarity with religious experience and fervour and a reverent sense of its magnificence. His verse is marked by virility of thought, decency of tone, precision of language, metrical versatility, and profound piercing

feeling. His verses are thought so worthy to be preserved.

Many of the poems have different rhyme schemes, and variations of lines within stanzas. His individuality magnifies his stature among Peeran's peers in the realm of poetry."

Dr.(Prof) Masood ul Hasan Former Dean of English Aligarh Muslim University in his introduction to the eleventh collection "Glittering Love" has this to say;

"The present volume focuses on the twin and mutually complementary themes of Love and Luminosity-the core of Islamic mysticism too. Naturally, notes of tolerance and suleh-e-kul(equal respect and peace for all creeds) predominate for example' the poem "Free From All" opens on this note;

He has kept his doors open
All the time, everywhere
In many forms and shapes.
Big vacant halls, cathedrals,
Temples with deities. Idols."

In this complex, pluralistic Indian ethos the relevance and value of this spiritual Dimension can hardly be overstated. But Peeran's debt to the great Sufis' endearing. Openness of mind spiritual legacy is evident and in accord with his own spiritual lineage and leanings. The above-quoted lines remind us of a few verses of the great Andalusian Sufi, Ibn-Arabi(d.1240 A.D) "My heart is capable of every form/ A cloister of the monk / a temple for idols, / A pasture for gazelles, the votary's kaabah /". True,gnosis illumines Peeran's poem 'Shining Truth', and love for mankind at large figures prominently in 'Balance and Harmony.'The same universal love runs through the piece 'Safe Shores' announcing the protagonists resolve "to open widely the close doors / Of my heart, eyes and ears/".The shared

spiritual virtues of "Saints, Rishies, Yogis and Prophets" are acknowledged liberally in the poem 'O Solitude' and several other pieces- a much needed balm for the creed- corroded modern man. Spiritual love also forms the core of the poems like. "Refresh Your Soul," "Into oblivion" and "Self Expression", or 'immersion'. Similarly the title piece 'GLITTERING LOVE' throbs with devotion for the Divine Beloved;

"My every cell in my body
Feels the heat, feels for him
The Merciful and the Bountiful
Plays His tunes in my veins"

These lines recall the flute's fancy in Rumi's(d,1275(MATHNAVI that may be rendered into English as Dry my veins, dry body and dry my skin,/ So wherefrom comes the Friend's call? / Humanism is the secular version of Sufism, and the two are inseparably intertwined. Peeran flinches at the sight of human suffering"

Dr (Prof) Masood UI Hasan in his article 'The Sanctified Muse Of S.L.Peeran" concludes;

"Peeran enjoys the distinction of being the only Indo- Anglian Poet consistently producing Sufic verse of considerable merit. His work promises to retain its freshness and appeal for many years to come."

Patricia Prime concluded her review of "Glittering Love":

I am delighted to declare that this is an excellent collection of poems. Peeran is a hugely skilful wordsmith, and his careful technique always creates meaning. His language is of such freshness and richness of allusion that one willingly makes the effort to untangle the complex connotation of a line or phrase. It is exciting to see a poet walk this line, exhibiting as he does a vigour and freshness of imagination that delights the heart and lifts the spirit." Patricia Prime

Reviewing Garden of Bliss has this to say:

“ S.L. Peeran has been celebrated for his poetic imagery, his social, political and moral alertness; his uncanny ability to make the ordinary extraordinary; and, not least, a humour all his own. Gathering much of his material from the minutiae of Indian philosophy, religion and culture, Peeran matches meditation on spiritual concerns and the weight of history with a nimble wit, shifting to moments of clear vision and intense poetic revelation” .

And further concludes: “In these heartfelt poems, Peeran’s deep meditations and self-knowledge are evidence of his ongoing spirituality and longing for peace and tranquility in the world. It is a sobering collection as we see the poet examining the contemporary scene, comparing it with what has passed and seeking change in an imperfect world. While the poems in Garden of Bliss are moving and compassionate, they do seek answers to the problems that beset us all in this ever-changing, disturbing world” .

The above observation of poets and large number of reviewers is the testimony of my humble work. I cannot claim to be a poet of a very high standard or of merit. My humble collection has drawn attention of reviewers, poets, sufis and large number of my friends to whom I am extremely grateful.

I am dedicating this humble work to victims of war and terrorism through out the globe. I am grateful to Mr. M.S.Venkataramaiah for readily agreeing to publish this collection.

I am grateful to Ms. Patricia Prime for penning a forward to this collection.

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Life's Wonders

We falter, flounder and fall flat at every step.
Only the Divine Grace helps us on our way,
To rise us up again; to further carry on
Our daily chores, doings and dealings.

Unseen hands work for our well being.
Our well wishers save us from adversaries.
Our sixth sense creates wonders for us.
Life is full of mysteries and charms.

Daily acquisition of knowledge,
Enlightens our soul, being and nourishes it.
Our mind gets lit with grandeur.
The future opens up to brightness.

We need protectives and life guards,
To save us from drowning in the sea of woes.

Safe Landing

When storms, tempests, tornadoes blow,
The plants, trees and grass, all
Bend completely to save themselves
From being uprooted and destroyed.

To save ourselves from elimination,
Man needs to elevate his mind and soul,
By subduing ego, anger and pride.
Ever humble himself and be simple.

The nature has provided man –
With seeds to cultivate and grow
Grains, fruits, vegetables to satiate hunger.
With stones to build houses, pathways.
Minerals, precious gems for beauty.

Work and worship help sail the ship
Of life to safe shores and ports.

Wait for a while

I tell my mate, my siblings,
My children, relatives and friends
That evening of my life
Has begin to dawn, the closing
Chapter is being written, now for
Me is to only marvel at the creation.
At the past zest, zeal, joys
Mirth, pleasures and happiness.
At the close of innings, of pain, regrets,
Sorrows, and at the loss of desired dreams.

Now I would lay down calmly
To reflect and watch at the passing
Past scenes before my yearning eyes.
At the regrets of wrong done,
For wrong moves at wrong times.
At the missing of the beat of heart,
When things turned topsy turvy.
When ecstasy turned to melancholy.

Now I beg them all not to deride me.
Not to ridicule, make jest and fun
At the mess I create and falter again.
But just bear with me for a little while.

Depths of Abyss

Oh! This illusive seeking
 After the slippery worldly chairs;
 That has rolled many a hoary heads,
 Down to the deepest ravines;
 Unsung, unheard in the silent zones.
 From the pulpits raises a voice-
 "Cast the world aside, yea abandon it".
 But this fire in the hungry burning belly,
 These waves of imaginations running riot,
 The sweat nightingale's voice, the charms of beauty,
 The fragrance of roses, Arabian perfumes.
 Raising high temptations, tryst with destiny.
 To scale snowy peaks to hoist the flag.
 To dive in the deepest oceans,
 To pick the sparkling pearls,
 To dig the bowels of earth for yellow metal,
 The glittering diamonds, sparkling gems.
 These challenges make many reach
 The oasis in a dry, sultry desert.
 But for many, depths of abyss is the home.

How to reach thee?

I love, I weep, my heart is deserted.
 The fragrance of my love fails to reach my Beloved.
 Even the wind has deserted me!
 It fails to carry my tale of woes, solitariness.

My counselors advice me, to raise
 My lamentations, to tear & shear my coverings.
 To beat the drums, to raise a hue & cry.
 But my adversaries are ready to shred me to pieces.

My time is not yet up, my journey is long.
 The way is weary with prickly thorns.
 My thirst is unquenchable, I need
 My love to increase, to surmount the troubles.

My maddening inner waves run riot
 Night clouded with fears, how shall I reach Thee?

Whither Solace?

My counselor, my doctor, my panacea
 Knows the cure for my illnesses.
 But He is deaf, dumb and mute.
 He wants my lamentations to reach its peak.

So that it can break, all the hopes, desires,
 For this deceptive and foolish worldly hordes,
 Which cast a heavier burden on my shoulders,
 Which have become weak due to weariness, age.

My eyes are tired, with heaviness of sleep.
 My heart pangs have increased many folds.
 My Beloved's absence makes it more fonder.
 I have lost my way, I am in crises.

O Love! Come merge in my every cell.
 Enlighten my being for solace, calmness within.

Charismatic Personality.

My doctor, my curer, my guide,
 My friend, my philosopher
 Advices me to soften the desires.
 While putting the steps in the slippery paths.

'Make hay while the sun shines'.
 Keep with in your bosoms, the love as a secret.
 Bid for your time, secure the locks of treasury.
 Then abandon the desire for life, cast world aside,

Let not the troublesome, fickle seasons,
 Droughts, storms and tempests wash
 Away every leaf and grain of your garden.
 Leaving you askance, with a begging bowl.

Let love be full in purified heart.
 Shining with a magnetic soul.

Make others rich at our cost

News item: Rs.1.26lakh crore for purchase of fighter
Planes from Russia; \$400 billion for
purchase of business &
Military equipment from rich countries.
Rs2.50 lakh crores lost in 2G Licences
scam & Adarash scam
Crores lost in National Games Scam etc.
etc. etc.

Our population is in dire straights,
In utter poverty with diseases many.
Spiraling food prices and of medicines.
Blood is cheaper than essentialities.

Agricultural lands without irrigation,
Lying fallow; drought with farmers' suicides.
Corruption at every level. A thief at every corner.
Mayhem, crime rate increasing day by day.

Our enemy country is in shambles,
Cringing for peace talks and mediation.
But our selfish leaders are in every scam.
Trillions of rupees of public money looted.

Where is the need to spend for military wares?
To enrich the coffers of rich countries at our cost?

Torn Kite

My weary and wasted heart laments,
Weeps wails and cries from ages long.
Before my time bids me, I yearn for it.
Day in and day out to merge in Thee.

I found my dreams empty and hollow,
The mirages vanished in wasted sand dunes.
Withering age has now caught my shoulders.
No more toils, no more yearnings and joys.

When Sun was high, gardens laid,
When fragrance spread, perfumes in air,
I was enchained in life's rigmaroles.
Seasons have changed, but I in disarray.

Yesterday is dead, tomorrow is yet to be born.
I seek closing chapter, for, my life's kite is torn.

Infinite Riches

World is a huge market, where merchandise
 From all over is dumped, for bargain,
 Haggling, where Truth gets submerged.
 Where love is restricted to a straight.
 Narrow path; scarcely admits of looking
 Either to the right or to the left.
 'Wheresoever you turn, there is the Face of God,'
 Is a mere word, restricting the meaning.
 Large vistas of knowledge should open
 Up the mind like an umbrella;
 To admit the light to enter from all sides.
 Not restricting to a single path to Lord.
 Temptations and distractions hedging the path
 To love should be shunned for Infinite Riches.

Whither Harmony?

Speed, zest, zeal today is hallmarks for success,
 And for one who is street smart in life
 But one who is withdrawn, contemplative,
 Less competitive, life puts up hurdles.
 Many a sorrows visit him daily
 For he cannot take life in its stride.
 Rushing after evasive, illusionary outer life,
 Oblivious of inner perfection and peace,
 Being attracted by glamour of tinsel world.
 Living beyond their means, then life in shambles
 The daily whirlpool pulls them within it
 The ultimate dejections and sorrows,
 Makes them drown in the sea of woes.
 Life has to be balanced to bring in harmony.

How to reach inner Peace?

The inner light that cherishes the soul
 Is a celestial gift for a fortunate few.
 It flickers to give daily strength,
 To face the onslaught of storms tempests.
 Faith in the divine beings, good persons
 Brings succor and lights up the way.
 Sorrows, despondency, disappointments wanes,
 And magnetic pull of beyond raises hopes.
 The inner conflicts and duality in mind
 Should end, to reach the inner core of peace.
 Millions yearn for self effacement
 And to see the Face of the Lord.
 Only a fortunate blessed in an era
 Reach the heavenly fruit of Sainthood.

Transference

Sainly persons transfer their goodness,
 God's blessings and well-being.
 To seekers and humble ones.
 Goodness diffuses in the being like light.

Pathos and grief can likewise make way,
 In the soft hearts of tender ones,
 When they are exposed to tragic
 Scenes, happenings and occurrences.

All good and bad, positive and negative
 Waves are subject to transference.
 Expose yourself to good and positive
 Waves for your own betterment and good.

Magnetic fields emanating from saintly beings
 Has cleansing effect on other beings.

Blind folded Justice

Sin is the second nature of man.
 Goodness being its first and last.
 Millions of women with youth and charm,
 Yearn for a morsel of food, sparkling dresses;
 For a pint of wine, songs and dance.
 They are prepared to sell themselves.
 To entice, ensnare, entrap youth and
 Men with money and desires aplenty.
 Millions of hands go out to do hard work.
 To make both ends meet honestly.
 There are men in myriad colors, jinxed minds,
 Who lay traps to steal money at a wink.
 Life gets balanced between right and wrong.
 Blinded folded justice holding pans evenly.

No more peace

'Once a thief is always a thief'.
 So is a fool and public men today.
 With oceanic desires overwhelming them.
 Unmindful of concern and safety of others.
 Lay nets to catch the golden fish
 And vanish in the thin air with success.
 They cast dark shadows on circumstances
 Make witnesses dumb, squeeze truth, win cases.
 Short lived public memory, gullible;
 Reelects them, for their own "Hara Keri".
 An ancient land of wisdom, ahimsa.
 Slowly metamorphosing to 'martyrstan.'
 No more joys and peace of joint families.
 No more exists the love of "Buddhistan".

History and Civics for children

We are going to teach children.
 About martyrdom of Ahimsa.
 About Mundra scandal of Nehru era.
 About wars and peace with neighbors.
 About demolition of Golden Temple.
 End of Princely era in Indira's period.
 Bofor's scandal, LTTE during Rajeev's period.
 Farmers, gold smiths suicides, Sati, about Ayodhya.
 During Morarji and Narasimha Rao's period.
 Globalisation, junk food, plastic money,
 Condoms, AIDS. Hepatitis, high prices, scams
 During Manmohan and Sonia's era.
 Every period, every era is a saga
 Of untold hardship, suffering's "raga".

India our land

Communal killings, exodus of masses.
 Birth of Free India, Pakistan.
 Chinese attack, loss of Tibet.
 Pakis invasion of Kashmir.
 Birth of Bangla Desh under blood bath.
 Emergency, death of democracy.
 Bank nationalization; end of Privy purses.
 End of Landlordism; chaos; murders.
 Suicides, droughts, floods, Bhopal's gas tragedy.
 Earth quakes, air crashes, test of atom bomb.
 Mass uprising, disintegration
 Of bigger States and birth of smaller ones.
 Road, Rail accidents; end of Family values.
 Corruptions, scams, flood gate of Court cases.

How to meet Him?

Let us cleanse ourselves
Of all the impurities
The muck, slurry, slush
From the inner soul.

Let us embellish ourselves
Of that, which is adorable to Him.
Love, affection, silence and charity.
Compassion and magnanimity.

Let us be constant in this service.
Work again and again to
Gain His favour and
Cherish Him in the realms of the heart.

Let their be no letup or short comings
In our service, till we meet Him.

Ways of life

They go to bed with a riddle in their mind.
To seek its answer in the next morn.
This play of riddle and seeking answers
Keeps them occupied every day and night.
In the bargain they gain material wealth,
To fulfill their wants and daily needs.
Some are occupied in dealing in material things.
They bring it to market for bargain and sale.
Some are busy in creating the objects of desire.
To make a living in the course of life.
Some are busy in cultivation and farming.
To fulfill the needs of all in the society.
Some are busy in undoing & upsetting things.
While some are busy in putting things in order.

Martyrdom

When the blue sky turns red, with pitiless sun;
 Raining fire, brimstones on the shattered bodies;
 Severed limbs, body parts mixed in golden sand,
 Where roses and its fragrance doesn't bloom.

The perpetrator's hearts have turned to stones.
 Blinded, minds clogged, hiding within
 Black souls of Hitlers and Chenghis Khans.
 Sans pity, mercy, refusing to ooze out.

Innocent pilgrims while in holy shrines
 Of martyrs, now lying in sea of blood.
 This is how horrible death calls on them
 In cars carrying "Yama's" messengers.

Buddha dangling lonely in the desert,
 Silently watching the martyrdom.

"Yama": Messenger of death

What Wisdom?

No body dare question them what wisdom
 Lay in visiting the red zones unarmed.
 Where Frankenstein is waiting with fangs
 And long nails to tear them apart.

The secret of the heaven is yet to unravel.
 The mystery, hiding pitilessly;
 In the sand dunes, which still carries
 The foot prints of the Messenger of Peace.

Now women are going to be with dried
 Breasts, holding skinny bony babies.
 Ever lamenting, beating bare chests.
 Oceanic waves singing sad eulogies.

Statue of liberty in far off land
 Holding torch of hope and peace, vainly

Thrill the hearts

A word which will shine like a sparkling diamond.
 Like a pearl, pure as glittering white.
 Which has an extra ordinary
 Strength of ten lions, of Hercules.
 To break the shackles of slavery.
 To bring freedom from chill penury.
 A word that can mould itself
 In any crucible to become panacea.
 A word that can create images
 To move and melt hard hearts to soft butter.
 A word joining with another in golden thread.
 A long poem to sing and thrill the hearts.
 A jewellery on a bare beautiful neck
 To ever please one who relishes it.

Lost in City's din

A farm girl from a salubrious village.
 Surrounded by gifts of lovely nature.
 Being of soil, friendly with pets.
 Moves to the humdrum of city life.

Her class fellows evinces keen interest
 In her. Befriends her to expose her
 To the thrills of western music.
 To the charms of dine and dance.

Her gait changes, no more is left
 Her humble manners, simplicity takes a flight.
 Beauty parlor changes her contours.
 Exquisite dresses, perfumes, undo her.

No more does she belong to gentle folks.
 A gift of nature is lost in city's din.

Senseless Power*

The blistering unmerciful Sun.
 Burning sand dunes, blazing river Nile.
 Oceans are now on fire; hearth is dead.
 Crystalline water is scarce to quench the thirst.

Million protestors in Tahrir Square.
 In one voice rendering the still humid air
 Tearing the blue canopy to seek freedom,
 From the clutches of an old decaying lion.

The Sphinx mutely watching the tanks.
 Men in uniforms freely turturing their guns.
 Blood flowing like river in unknown time.
 Women clad in scarf's bellowing, crying.

Hungry children clamoring for a pint
 Of white glistening milk, for morsel of food.
 Raging chaos spreading like wild fire
 Nation is on up rise, broken to smithereens.

The in senile dictator clinging
 To the broken chair of senseless power.

*Poem composed before the dictator abandon his post.

Open Spaces

I write love on the shore's sand.
 The angry waves erase it.
 I write love on the bark of a tree.
 The wood cutter brings down the tree.
 I write love on the walls.
 The graffiti is washed out by the painter.
 What we possess we give.
 But it is not valued.
 Yet some mystery binds us.
 It gives meaning for us to love.
 These are moments of shared silences.
 And the empty world wailing for us.
 Our heart is like a red ripe apple.
 For any one or some one to pierce it.

Out of tunes

They are all cattle and beast of burden.
 They eat what their masters provide them.
 They have no songs of their own to sing,
 Nor a thought of deep import
 To share their experiences.
 They listen week long to harangues.
 To the same old tunes and monologues
 And submit to those lines of nonsense.
 They put on un kept long beards
 And wear knee deep 'jubhas'
 With colourful caps of all hues.
 They speak a language
 Unmatched, untuned to present times.
 They are unable to sing in chorus
 Nor march in harmony of the times.
 But they look at the world with a squint eye.

Once More

Once more we get thrilled watching a beautiful scene.
 Once more we ask for rehearsal of acting on a stage.
 Once more we shout for repeating the goal.
 Once more we clamour for hitting a sixer.
 Once more we yearn for joys to dawn.
 Once more we seek for grief to wane.
 Once more we want the spring to bring flowers.
 Once more we look for summer to shine.
 Once more we chance to meet the youthful charm.
 Once more we need the days of milk and honey.
 Once more we aspire for lovely dreams to fulfill.
 Once more we pray for moment of truth to appear.
 Once more we linger for hopes to greet us.
 Once more we dance when happiness fills our hearts.

On reaching peace

We will speak about primordial times.
 Of the man living in caves, forests, plains
 Facing nature's wrath, its plays with light and shade.
 Its idiosyncrasies, its fickleness, its snares.
 About darkness and fears surrounding it.
 About eclipse about stars and their influences.
 Of being possessed by evil spirits.
 Of myth, mythologies, fictions of imaginations.
 Of strong devouring the weak, of subjugation.
 Of exploitation, of lies, blunders, shams.
 Humbugs, loots, plunders, rapines, killings.
 Of all those men seeking peace.
 For release from pain, sorrows, desires.
 From lust, anger, jealousy, foolishness.

We will speak of enlightenment
 Of freedom from evil, of goodness,
 Of virtue, of straight paths.
 Of Truth, Ahimsa, release from bonds.
 From attachments, of 'Moksha'
 Of peace, serenity and tranquility.

Be ever prepared

When life presents itself in all its hues,
 In all its colours, its ramifications.
 Its slipperiness, its cunningness,
 Its snares, its camouflages, its traps.
 We should be prepared on war footing.
 To meet its challenges, its struggles.
 Have deep faith and steadfastness
 In truth, justice, liberty, freedom.
 To walk in straight lines of right and justice.
 To ever enlighten ourselves.
 With increasing knowledge,
 Without malice and hatred in heart.
 With clarity of mind, free from prejudices.
 With strong will power.
 With ever lasting goodness.
 With ever humbleness and simplicity.
 With capacity to forget and forgive.
 To ever be prepared to compound and compromise.

Obituary

The death sentence has been passed.
 Steadily there is decline in health.
 The parameters of blood, urea,
 Carotene level is changing.
 The joints are weakening.
 The muscles are faced with dystrophy.
 The light is diminishing in eyes.
 The agility of the brain is missing,
 Faltering, floundering, and falling at every step.
 The heart is losing its strength.
 Your own system has turned your enemy.
 Striking with its hood now and then.
 Nervous debility gripping the mind.
 The obituary is being written.

Don Quixotic

There was a time, for two decades,
 I sat on the bench to render justice;
 With one such judge drawn from bureaucracy.
 A most chattering box of unlimit.

A person with a squirrel face, rat ears.
 Short in stature, with eccentricity.
 Putting questions after questions,
 To bewilder the counsels, while they argue.

He would give a pretext of taking notes.
 But in fact would be drawing a pigeon,
 Or a country's map or a ladies figure.
 Suddenly bursting out in monologues.

He wouldn't close the case for judgments'.
 But would adjourn the case for twentieth time.
 He wouldn't like any one sitting with him
 To interrupt, overrule him or take over.

Once in a blue day, he would decide a case.
 But to remand it back to the lower courts.
 He wouldn't accept his colleagues' orders,
 But would differ to decide the matter in a quixotic way.

Files after files in hundreds would pile up
 In his cup board awaiting judgments
 Or for his opinion on his colleague's orders.
 Nothing would stir him from his slumber.

He wasn't a person to mind his business.
 A busy body to interfere in other benches work.
 Run down his counterparts, over rule cases.
 Take contrary, contradictory views on many subjects.

He did all that was required to play politics.
 Ultimately to take over the institution.
 But only to pass hundreds of 'fatwas'.
 Like an old forgotten Mughal monarch.

A classic case of 'justice delayed is justice denied'.
 Nothing could move his sensibilities.
 To render justice on the sleepy bench.
 A pugilist, a don quixotic of modern age.

But fortune would smile on me in one way or another
 To escape from his mechanizations and wrath
 To be shunted to other benches for relief.
 This is the way things go on in court ways.

Dawn of Mercy

This out break of AIDS, hepatitis, leprosy
 Makes us cry for Holy Christ to descend
 From the cherishing heaven down to Earth.
 We had enough of these fake Babas,
 Swamies, Shankars, Peers , 'Aamils, Kamils.'
 Where are the genuine haloed Gurus?
 Who with their magical touch cure all;
 And bring transformation in millions lives.
 They would play tambourines, stringed instruments
 Accompanied with the rhythmic beats on drums.
 A deep sorrowful note from depth of heart
 Would reach heaven to open its closed doors.
 Mercy would flow down with lightning speed
 To embrace man, made in His own image.

Nature's Betrayal

This summer has been severe and harsh
 With acute water shortage. The king
 Of fruit has failed to come to market.
 The water red melon juicy, delicious
 Has rotten in the fields, so also cucumbers.
 The severe heat has cracked the fields.
 Dark heavy clouds have formed with thunder,
 Giving hopes. The drinking water, milk
 Will again flow and wells will swell.
 But dry stormy winds drift clouds away,
 Only to dash the lingering fond hope
 Of hungry farmers, who are on the verge
 Of suicides. The bankers are holding
 Their throats to squeeze it to recover loans.
 Are droughts, floods nature's wrath and fury
 To erring mankind for their corrections?

Proxy Judgments

He would come to preside in the temple
 Of justice, truth and last hope for litigants;
 Leisurely with drowsy eyes at his own time,
 Much beyond the hours of the court.
 Suddenly his cell phone rings in his pocket.
 Unabashedly, he would pick it up
 To murmur a long conversation.
 His bewildered colleague taken aback
 Would look askance mutely, helplessly.
 The lazy sleepy beauracratc judge
 Would suddenly seek excuse to go to loo.
 A long spell of silence dawns in court.
 Back again, the work starts at snail speed.
 His PA is busy writing judgments for him.

PA: personal assistance

New beginning

The whole world is on the move.
 Every one is up to one thing or other.
 The huge traffic moving bumper to bumper.
 All malls, super markets are full.

Men and women leave tiny tots
 To the baby sitters or in kinder gardens
 And rush to the work place far off,
 Only to see the kids after sun set.

I have finished, my innings is over.
 Nothing charming. My wife, best half
 Is busy running errands up to one
 Thing or the other, paying bills.

My children are all grown up now.
 They have all left me in solitude.
 I scan news papers, mutter prayers
 In a language which is alien to me

I try and open the mail box of computer
 To see if any old buddy has any thing to say.
 Nothing of importance interests me.
 Watching the maid attending to daily cores.

In between the snatches of sleep and wakefulness
 I munch pop corn, chips, and biscuits.
 Sip hot steaming cups of tea, coffee.
 Wallowing, wondering at the by gone times.

I am weary of new gadgets and idiot box.
 In good old days, I used to hear the chirping
 Of birds, chattering of monkeys, cawing of crows.
 Now I hear honks, honks of moving vehicles.

I read about suicides, chain snatching, and betrayals
 Killing of lonely elderly couples, robbery of jewelry.
 In road accidents death of young techies.
 Drowning in lakes of cherry boys on picnics.

The most engaging news is of world cricket cup.
 The bombardment of advertisements, loud music.
 Of gays, lesbians, homosexuals fighting
 In courts, public places for equal rights.

Unemployed ruffians prowling hunting for loners.
 Sexual out rages, mugging and violence galore.
 There are agitations, strikes for better pays.
 For appointing enquiry commissions for scams.

Yet I am filled with fresh new hope.
 I am certain that Man Mohan Singh, Gandhies
 With words of Ahimsa, Truth and love
 Will bring fresh air and end this horrid mayhem.

My God

My God is different. He isn't with a long trunk,
Or with a long tail born to wind goddess.

My God is different. He doesn't call for killing
Those who doesn't accept His authority.

My God is different. He isn't the one
Who abandons wife, for being abducted.

My God is different. He is not dancing
With thousand lovers, copulating in Brindavan.

My God is different. He doesn't ask me
Not to be friend another one of my species.

My God is different. He doesn't want me
To throw my spouse with triple "Talak"

My God is good one, very very much sane.
Always here and there helping every one.

Enchained

After my retirement, due to slumber
My waist line has increased by ten inches.
I am dieting with out any loss of weight.
My best half is skeptical and says it is useless.

I am advised for brisk walk for an hour.
Eat sparely, be vegetarian, on fruits.
Give up rice, wheat, oil, potato chips.
Creamy layer of milk, ice creams and nuts.

Be agile, take up to social activity.
Mingle with baldies, oldies, insiniles.
Discuss all current issues and topics.
Shoot out 'fatwas' and letters, be busy body.

But my creaky bones, stiff neck, back aches,
Heavy blood pressure, diabetics are hurdles.
My heavy glasses on my round face.
My ear plugs won't work properly.

I stammer, stagger and stumble.
My enchained condition imprisons me.

Strange ways

Strange are the ways of the benign Nature.
Millions yearn for ending their innings.
For closing chapters to end with a full stop.
But they linger on and on in fading lights.

I get bewildered to read daily news
Of deaths in car bombs, accidents
By umpteen ways to go by unnatural
Ways to their final holy abodes.

A mystery unraveled by Prophets, Saints,
Philosophers, thinkers and mundane ones.
A final word is yet to be pronounced
On this riddle and perplexing thought.

Of many signs of His creation.
Is also one such of destruction.

Ancient uncouthness

Our ancient barbaric lore of million years
Continues to work in our subconscious.
Where millennium years of cultural breeding
Fails, it erupts within with all its force.

The ineptitudes, the inborn waywardness,
Uncivilized mind, the illegitimacy
Of living, the have not deprived feeling
Breaks the barriers of refinement.

The sexual urges grips the mind,
Pleasures offered by the taste buds,
The numbness, high feelings of intoxicants,
Breaks the sobriety of civilized ways.

Green snake within, burning passions, greed,
Hatred, stroke the fire within for violence.

Sand Castles

Heaps of river sand would be dumped
Near our large house for building purpose.
As children we would sit on it
Imagining being near a sea shore.

We would hide our legs in the sand
And build a castle over it,
Slowly pulling away our legs
Lo behold our castle is ready.

Collect the red bracts of flaming tree
Decorate our small sand castle,
Placing round pebbles, shells around it
To surround it with a stony fence.

What a pleasure we would derive
When we all played in sand dunes!

Taming the Oceanic waves

The tiring dipping sun of the evening
Throwing multicolor lights on sky.
My feet was knee deep in the sands of sea shore
Dashing waves enfolded them around my angles.
The joyful sea with high waves and waves
Slowly peters out, lying at the feet of the shore.
Pleading inviting to measure its waves
To dip in its fathomless oceans
And discover the aquatic life their in.
Brave fishermen would cast their nets.
To catch every kind of Piscean life
Sailors would tame the angry heavy waves
To reach many shores with their merchandise.
Earth moves round and round with out spilling the sea.

Profuse Blessings

In the stillness of the lonely night,
 When the screeching, honking traffic
 Stops and only sound is of revolving
 Fan and that of the old stuttering fridge;
 I wake up from the deep slumber,
 Disturbed by a troubling scary dream.
 The drowsy sleep has taken a flight.
 I get up and read stale poetry and
 The kind Muse in that silent hour
 Is pleased to bless me profusely.
 My steady mind scans the world and heaven.
 The chattering monkey mind takes a rest.
 It turns meditative and reminds me
 Of multiple graces, many blessings.

Ever Lastingness

I have not lost hope in present day chaos.
 After a few showers, I notice at most
 Barren dry parching soil turning green.
 The listless life sprouts again alive.

The dry leaf less trees and stems
 Again come to life with blossoming
 Flowers and leaves to invite fauna
 To suck its nectar, pluck it for plaits.

Life I find ever lasting, going
 On and on endlessly, despite loss
 And gain, a game of chess and draught,
 A snake and ladder, but reaching the goal.

The rising and waning moon, sparking stars,
 The moving planets, the sun restores life.

Sweet dreams

Millions go on pious pilgrimages;
 To most holy places at Makka;
 To the revered holy river Ganges;
 To Kashi; Mount Kailas, Sabri Mallai.

The muck in their dark souls remains.
 They try to wash their dirty linens.
 They are like foot rugs and dirty carpets.
 Ever gathering soil, dirt, dunk and stains.

I shudder to even think of such a visit.
 My soul is darkened, seeking haloed light.
 I am without a shining golden heart.
 It is a mere visual sweet dream for me.

Perhaps one in a millionth poor pilgrim
 A humble sublime soul merges in Him.

Vastness in Self

I look up at the vast great universe
 With million twinkling stars, which have shed light,
 Million light years ago, may be burnt by now.
 Universe is expanding day by day.

Our solar system is a mere speck.
 The tiny dark earth is invisible.
 Where do I stand in such a big 'Maya'?
 But our ego is bigger universe.

The light of this bright burning shining sun.
 The spectacular marvelous Nature
 Sprouting ever lasting beautiful things.
 Lifting the imagination of our mind.

Creativity works wonders in our self,
 Makes us feel great in this vast universe.

Broken Wings

The brokered peace was again disturbed
 By tumults and endless pain.
 The tired mended broken wings bleed.
 A lovely peaceful pigeon is encaged.

Inner sorrows rise within with all force
 As an angry ocean to create tsunamis.
 Washing away all that was built
 From ages long by bleeding hands.

O Peace! You are an angelic light.
 Eclipsed by green jealous Saturn.
 The 'Daridra Narayana' plays his part.
 To rend to pieces soothing hearts apart.

Insinile despots are on rampage.
 Destroying freedom with tanks and bullets.

What a colossal Change?

Till a few decades ago, your ancestors
 Were riding on camels over the sand dunes,
 With parching tongues, blisters in legs
 Head gears covered by clothes to protect
 From the blistering cruel fierce sun.
 Suddenly the white man appeared like an angle
 For you with lovely dreams to turn the sand dunes
 You started marveling at the gushing of oil,
 From the bowels of your golden sand,
 The white man turned your fortunes
 Today you have enormous, fabulous
 Wealth flowing like the streams of black gold
 You have now lost your humility
 Your utmost sincerity and simplicity.
 Your parched lands have been turned
 To blossoming and blooming gardens.
 Again the famed Arabian perfumes
 Are adorned by sexy belly dancers
 You own AC Salon, Mercedes cars
 Your profuse, enormous wealth has upset
 Your minds and ways of wise living,
 With all the pleasures of the world.
 Your mothers, sisters and wives
 Are shedding tears of blood.
 Hiding within enormous pain in their 'purdah'
 You are changing your partners like bed coverings
 Your instincts to gambling, alcoholism
 Sex perversions, evil ways have turned
 The land of refined living to another
 Your hot headedness, puffed up feeling

Arrogance has become a bane.
O you followers of Messenger of Peace!
Turn a new leaf shun violence,
Waywardness, adopt moderate living.
Be logical, loyal to your own soul
Bring world peace and brotherhood.

Taming of the shrew

"Patience is mother of virtue"
But when tortured, humiliated,
Harassed, taunted, betrayed,
The suppressed voice becomes a tsunami.
To raise from within like cyclonic floods,
To wash away the bitterest enemy
Armed to the teeth to suck blood
Like vampire or swarming mosquitoes.
The lethal weapons get blunted,
When faced with angst of suppressed souls.
The voiceless, faceless suffering
Humanity gets strength of Hercules.
Armless, teeth less, yet the strength
Of rising tides can tame the violent shrew.

Silent rustics

The burning hearts, the bleeding hands.
 The weary body, the creaking bones
 The diseased cancerous lungs
 In all seasons, they need to work,
 From sunrise to the rising moon.
 Only the sounds of the wailing sea,
 The cacophony of birds, barking dogs,
 Join them in their grievous sighs!
 They never look up to the galaxy,
 For they are unaware of the waning hopes.
 To kindle fire in their dead bosoms.
 They are the rustling rustics,
 Whose voice is suppressed to become mystics.

New found waves and joys

We change with the rising tides.
 With the glorious sun shedding new light.
 With golden crescent grinning in twilight.
 With shinning Venus beckoning to fresh hopes

The irresistible call from the unknown
 Was given by a truthful shinning soul.
 To release us from the bondage of ages.
 To liberate us from shackles of slavery.

We submitted to the unrelenting message,
 Whose call was sonorous, melodious.
 Moving us to tears and melting our story heart
 A new wave rose from the sleepy shores.

To carry us to the fathoms of measureless sea
 To enable us to pick pearls from enclosed shells.

Breaking the iron shackles

We sailed on the rising tides.
On the waves of million voices.
Only to land on the threshold
Of a dying passion ridden despot.
Who wielded weapons of every kind.
Opening brimstones and fire on us,
With all force to cow us down,
Our deep suppressed ageless voice
Found new hopes to tame the shrew.
To subdue the tsunamis, angry waves.
Though blood flowed like swollen rivers
Our undaunting spirits found liberty.
Breaking the shackles of slavery.

In His Arms

I wondered and wondered and my wonder grew.
As to what must have crossed his stilled mind,
When it was announced about cancer,
This would slowly and steadily engulf him.

I noticed calmness slowly besetting him.
Peace and solace enveloping him.
His movements were measured.
His love and grace increasing day by day.

As time passed the recuperating pain,
The breathlessness, weakness gripping him.
He was put in an oxygen tent.
Yet he didn't loose those sweet smiles.

As the end came nearer and nearer,
My father lay surrendered in His Arms.

A genuine Prayer

O Lord ! Lead me to light and straight paths.
 Don't leave me in the grip of traitors,
 Hypocrites, enemies and despots.
 And those on whom Your anger befalls.

O Lord! Befriend me; take me in Your fold.
 Enwrap me in your bosom and love,
 Cover me with Graces and Your Mercy.
 Enrich my mind with thousand lights.

O Lord! I seek those glittering eyes,
 From which I can perceive You.
 Those ears from which I hear You.
 That tongue from which I praise You.

O Lord! Let my best half serve You.
 Let my progeny fallow right and justice.

Bless me Bless me

Every individual lovely soul
 In any corner of the world,
 Due to vagaries of weather
 Beaten black and blue again & again.

Swollen, injured grievously hurt
 Submits, kneels down before You.
 O Lord! don't shun them
 For You are Gracious & Kind.

O Lord! Show Your Clemency
 To all Your humble creatures
 Irrespective of their merit
 You soothe the wounded hearts.

O Lord! Let me place my stricken heart
 At Your threshold, for blessing.
 For I have reached the end of the world.
 O Lord! Enlighten me guide me.

Now my heart is a sacred honey comb.
 My love is single minded, bless me, bless me.

Help me, help me

O Lord! Your love to all is unfailing;
 Unfathomable, immeasurable.
 Whether one calls on You or not.
 You are Gracious and constant.

O Lord! Your servants have gone astray.
 Millions have strayed from Your path.
 Wayward, blasphemous sinners.
 O Lord! You are ever Kind, forgive them.

Forgive all Your erring souls.
 Enlighten, soften every heart.
 Let the world be a heaven.
 A place of blessing and peace.

O Lord! I submit before You.
 Help me, help me, to see Your light.

Multiple Graces

O Lord! There were times when
 Fate had decreed severe tests.
 A childhood of hardship and pain.
 Schooling in a most modest way.
 With meager clothing's and food.
 We found simplest of daily joys
 In playing in sand, stones, kites,
 "Gilli Danda", marbles, hide and seek.
 Being satisfied with mere "anna sambar"
 Home made pickles and "samosas"
 Gruel from broken rice and pudding.
 The simplest of food gave us joys.

As we grew, O Lord! You snatch
 From our midst our most loving
 Grand parents, uncles and aunts.
 We were left with a bare tree,
 Without shade, leaves and fruits.

O Lord! You consoled us always.
 You created hopes and not illusions
 With kind, affectionate, loving,
 Silent parents, playful siblings.
 Surrounded by syncretic culture.

O Lord! You guided us through
 Most difficult moments of life.
 When we had to pass through
 Every trial and tribulation.

Your multiple Graces, saved our souls.
 You have satisfied all our needs
 To fill in our bosom thankfulness.
 Gratitude, peace, solace & richness.

I seek Your Mercy on my fellow men

I had a premonition in my dream.
 I woke up with a violent jerk,
 With dried out tongue and severe headache.
 I applied balm, tied a cloth on my fore head.
 I swallowed medicine. I prayed.
 O Lord! Forgive us, of our sins.
 Grant us Your Mercy and Grace
 On all Your erring humanity.
 Let not the poverty ridden men,
 Already stinking in dirt and filth
 Suffer further misery, on account
 Of Your wrath unleashed through
 Various means of drought, storms,
 Tsunamis, diseases and ultimate
 Death horrible seizing the innocent
 Victims and already weather beaten
 People cringing and crawling for Mercy,
 Seeking Your Grace and Benevolence.

O Lord! Show Your clemency.
 Let Your Mercy and Grace
 Shower on all peoples of all sections.
 Let the erring humanity
 Be straightened in their affairs.

O Lord! Send down Your Guidance
 In all the hearts of my fellowmen.

Relive every day as scripted

We all gather to witness the show.
 The actors on the stage daily
 Act as per their script.
 Exhibit their talent and depart.

We watch the play to draw strength
 To our ideals and return home.
 The silence again envelops the night,
 Leaving the hope to the twinkling stars.

The whole atmosphere is stilled,
 Variety entertainment is no more.
 All are asleep with their dreams.
 Except the silent moon grinning.

Next morn, the bright sun
 Awakes man to replay another show.

"Laughter the best medicine"

Greater inner disharmony
 Makes one to part company
 With friends and make foes
 Of them, to leave you disappointed.

We need to struggle inside.
 Finding meaning in this life.
 Relive our dreams, the script
 Of daily living needs review.

Constant watch on ourselves,
 And putting up a best show
 With out wounded hearts,
 Surely would bring sweet fruits.

Every attempt & struggle to bring love
 In troubling hearts will bring smiles.

Ever Gracious

O Lord! It is my own mistakes
Which have brought me troubles,
And others have wronged me,
And driven me to despair!

O Lord! You have shown me
During these most trying periods,
Your utmost Compassion and Kindness,
You have helped me overcome the tests.

O Lord! You have helped me
Sail through the most difficult
Moments of my life.
You have helped me again & again.

O Lord! I can't ask for more.
Your Graciousness has always surrounded me.

She

She is always at my beck and call.
Without shadow of doubt trusting me.
Following me like a sheep. I a shepherd.
Caring for my well being, and my feelings.

Though she is the mistress of the house,
But when ever I thunder, she would meekly surrender.
She nursed the children, a banyan tree.
Protected them, raised them to good heights.

In all my anguishes, pains, troubled times
She was a beacon of light, an ointment.
Giving me solace, comfort and sane advice.
Helping my ship to anchor in safe shores.

She is a blessings, a balm in troubled times.
In cheer and adversity, she is my best half.

Whither Dignified Pure Life?

These are the disjointed times.
 With materialism gripping the minds.
 Passion, lust ranging all over.
 Anger, greed, jealously overtaking.

Consumerism is the order of the day.
 Every home is filled with gadgets.
 Machines have taken over,
 And made man a delicate being.

Competition has become a way of life.
 The door is wide open for rate race.
 Stiff necks, uncouth behavior.
 Man bereft of compassion, sympathy.

Usury and high bank interest & charges.
 Plastic cards, easy money,
 With draw sums by ATMs
 Never repay what you borrow.

Jungle ancient man is back
 In his fold with thundering zest.
 Man has turned against man.
 Love and affection withering away.

Promises made are never kept.
 Lying, falsehood at drop of the hat.
 Hypocrisy ranging the times.
 Man changing like chameleon, colors.

Charity the cream of goodness,
 Has melted in the thin air.

Beggars have to adopt
 Various means to cringe for a coin.

Men with hollow and empty minds,
 Stand in prayers with foul thoughts,
 Wavering and satanic mind.
 To make a show of worship.

Back biting, condemning each other
 Criticism, hankering, leg pulling,
 Has become the order of the day.
 Man has now become enemy of man.

Man is daggers drawn
 With despicable elements
 Taking over the consciousness.
 Corroding the heart and soul.

Pilgrimages are more for a fun
 An excursion and a picnic.
 Who is prepared to give up cozy life.
 For search of truth and God.

Children are made to sing rhymes.
 Made to carry heavy loads of books.
 Lack of ethical and moral training.
 Goaded with chocolates and pampered.

Millions of marriages on rocks.
 Women treated like chattels.
 Unceremoniously divorced
 With 'Triple talak' and thrown asunder.

Arab Sheikhs are rolling in wealth.
Wealth corrupts absolutely,
Absolute wealth corrupts absolutely.
Whither the religion of peace?

Taliban are growing opium
With poppy culture and drugs.
Gay lords trotting all over with guns.
Car bombs destroying culture.

Whither religious tolerance, kindness.
Feeling of give and take, good neighbors.
Bombing prayers meetings in mosques,
Churches, synagogues and temples.

"To you, your religion and my, mine"
Is a mere slogan and trumpet.
Whither humbleness and submissiveness?
Quoting scriptures profusely with out practicing.

Religion is a way of humble life.
To love Lord with all body and soul.
To clean mind, enlighten spirit.
Rigorously pray and love man kind.

To live a virtuous and spiritual life.
Shunning worldliness, yearning for merger
Is no sin. To vow for clean life
Is what a Sufi, godly man, yearns.

Men in tattered clothing's, empty hands,
Tearful eyes, glittering hearts.
Singing paeans for Lord
And His Prophet is the goal of their lives.

Out of tune melodies

Who will listen to out of tune melodies?
From old antique, rusted gramophones.
The younger ones will run away, they will
Call me "oldie, you are not one of us."
If I sing their tune, they will again
Chide me, of trying to ape them.
As we grow older, our voice gets
Miffed and silenced. We are
No longer in the league and
Matches. No body listens to our
Commentary, with shaky voice,
Stammering and slow measured tone.
Today, we need to be with the times.
Rocky music, jazzy clothes or
Skimmy dresses; heavy make up
Or in casuals; in denim pants
With 'T' shirts with advertisements
Printed on it or with slogans.
Long matted hairs with stylish
Sunglasses. Every season has its own
Fruits and juices. No one tastes
Out of season insipid fruits.
Oldies are like discarded clothes,
Out of fashion and like garbage.
Fit to be sent to shelter homes
Or to be neglected, ignored.

Shadowless Existence

We are left on the empty platform.
 The train has departed on dot.
 We are late and have missed it.
 We will not get refund for the tickets.
 We talk of some thing, we haven't seen.
 The milk, honey, 'hurries' in paradise,
 Which becomes a reality for departed souls.
 Who have been judged right and rewarded.
 Those who have not fallen in line
 Can't even think of it. For them
 All sorts of threats are meted out.
 A very ugly situation, dry and sullen.

These thoughts are like full moon
 In the cloudless dark sky.
 Its light will fade away
 When Sun throws its powerful beams.

"Guruji"

He has become orphan for the second time.
 On the first occasion, he felt it,
 When he lost his mother.
 He clinged to his eldest sister.
 Later he took his father as a guide.
 He felt rudderless when he lost him.
 He again found a secured home.
 But when he lost his name sake uncle;
 He was again in high seas, lost for ever.
 He needed to stand on his own.
 Find strength to find a way
 To surround himself with disciples.
 Talk of "maya", indescrpt language
 Of illusions, delusions and hallucinations.

“Nirvana, Moksha”

One cannot embrace death on its bidding,
 But can make efforts to succeed
 In dying, before death can call on you.
 It is the dying of passions and impulses,
 You purify your inner consciousness
 Of all negative feelings and emotions,
 You reach the shore of a calm sea,
 To merge as a drop in the ocean.
 To become one with reality.
 The truth dawns with its effluence
 And you get enlightened, elevated.
 The meandering of the monkey mind
 Stops and mind becomes calm, tranquil
 You achieve a glimpse of 'Nirvana', 'Moksha.'

Turn a Leaf

You want to have large following
 Innocent masses, gullible
 Who will be carried away
 With your mum boo jumbo.

You project your lineage, your descend.
 You are very colourfully dressed.
 Caps of various hues and colours.
 To create an impression of holiness.

You have learnt a trick or two,
 To show to your disciples,
 That can cure them of their illness,
 With your mutterings in a dead language.

You are oblivious of the fact
 That your inner self,
 Is animalistic, nihilistic.
 A clown and a buffoon.

You need education and praise,
 You want your ego satisfied,
 Your taste buds appeased,
 Your palms greased.

Now you need to turn over a new leaf,
 Cleanse your self to glittering white.
 Elevate your mind and soul.
 Attain purity of highest order.

To enable your soul to sing paeans
 To that Master to whom, we all bow.

Eternal Quest

In this earthly world, there is morning,
 And twilight of evening.
 The dusk and dawn.
 The twinkling of the stars.
 The crescent and the full moon.
 The dust, the storm, the rain.
 The changing of the seasons,
 Whirling of the wind.
 Fluttering of the birds.
 Sweet songs of the nightingale.
 The fauna and the flora.
 The desert, the jungles
 Snowy mountains, gushing rivers,
 The angry sea, the calm oceans.
 All this is a gift to man.
 To retain it or flounder it.
 To flourish with goodness
 Or destroy it with evil.
 The cosmos, the universe
 With millions of shining suns.
 With their own revolving planets
 Somewhere in some universe
 Maybe a kindred spirit
 Hoping like us to meet the Creator!

Fulfillment of Vows and Prayers

In whatever form one prays.
 To whomever one wishes.
 To whichever direction one turns.
 One who prays to images, stone,
 Or to graves of saints.
 Or to photographs of gods, goddesses.
 Or to god men or holy men.
 Or prays in temples, mosques, gurudwaras.
 And submits oneself to holy men.
 Or meditates deeply everyday.
 Or chants mantras or does 'Zikr'.
 Makes vows and sacrifices.
 Visits holy places, churches.
 Goes on pilgrimages.
 All find peace of mind.
 And gets their wishes fulfilled.

Whither joys and pleasure for all?

From ancient Time, we have gods
 For each and every one of their
 Liking of their choice, imaginations,
 Of their own fancy and familiarity.

So also today in our modern times
 Janitors, cobblers, coolies. man on street,
 Farmers, lay men, have no God.
 Their daily bread satisfies them.

For million years a poor indigent
 Has suffered in umpteen ways.
 Gods of intellectuals keep them so.
 In ever penury, in ever shame.

Men in opulence, splendor, wealth
 Roll in their filthy desires, inequity
 Sans mercy, compassion, justice.
 Prepared to loose millions for pleasure of dice.

Can we see light in this troubled times.
 For equal distribution of all joys, pleasures.

Satan and Genies

For the indigent poor and wretched,
 Where is God for them?
 And decent living?
 Where is the thought for each day?

They are slaves of the wealthy!
 Their only need is their daily bread!
 To cover their shame, protect
 Themselves from blistering Sun and cold.

Oh! This self created gods of desires.
 Are Genie for the intellectuals.
 But these genies and satans
 Subjugate poor wretched fellows.

And keep them in their grip for ever and ever.
 Depriving them from basic pleasures.

Enlighten dark path ways

When one becomes ever good with compassion
 And mercy oozing out for humanity
 With forgiveness and blessedness.
 He becomes a boon to humanity.

Such a marvelous person
 Of illustrious nature with magnanimity
 Is mercy personified, a Lord,
 A saint, a good man, a panacea.

While a tyrant, a criminal
 A wayward, a wretched rich fellow
 Is a satan, genie to create havocs
 To destroy, ruin the gardens of love.

Love cherished is a candle of hope.
 To enlighten the dark path ways.

How to attain 'moksha', nirvana?

Planets wealth in the hands of
 Diabolical satanic devilish men
 And in genies of various kind
 With diabolical designs and means
 To loot, crush and destroy
 The mute, silent, harmless
 Mankind, faceless mankind.
 The enormous diabolical, unimaginable
 Uncountable wealth in these
 Hands of men of tyranny.
 To keep in grip the mankind's
 Intellectuals, parliamentarians,
 Judiciary, law and justice, and men
 In all walks of life. Can
 One free himself from these forces.?
 To attain 'moksha' and 'nirvana'

Devil, the satan

The satan, the devil, the "dewa"
 The diabolical nature of man
 Stole the thunder, the light of the Lord.
 Satan, the genie, an open enemy of mankind.

He way lays all the members of mankind
 Generates the evils in man, overcomes
 The consciousness, dominates
 Takes over all the wealth, subjugates man.

He prevents man from humility.
 Never allows to practice sublimity.
 Nor allows man to be compassionate.
 Nor to practice mercy, but makes him passionate.

Provokes man to anger, creates jealousy.
 Greed, covetousness to destroy man.

Godly behavior

When the mercy, compassion
 Charity, tremendousness
 Of the Lord, transcends
 In to the divine consciousness
 A person of purity of mind
 And heart becomes Divine.
 He displays Lord's qualities
 And humanity gets benefitted.
 The tongue of such a person
 Utters profound truths.
 The eye watches Beauty,
 The heart sparkles with love.
 The gait changes to innocence.
 Christ like behavior becomes explicit.
 A Midas touch turns sand to gold.
 A healer, a teacher, a Buddha.

Agony of Separation

O my Beloved ! Give me the cup of honeyed drink
 That shall put me to eternal deep sleep.
 Neither the sounds of trumpets on the day of reckoning;
 Nor the genie of the ring and lamp of Aladdin;
 Shall be able to wake me up from the slumber.
 I have no deeds to plead for heaven.
 Nor I played with evil to walk into abyss.
 I have moved all through in straight lines.
 While my adversaries have paced parallels.
 Never to meet, to shake hands or for bear hugs.
 Like Brutus, I have been stabbed several times.
 My lips quiver, my heart bleeds, now I look up
 To Thee, to relieve me from pangs of separation.
 O Beloved! Merge in me now here, here!

Lost love

When opportunities knock at the door
 And a person is mending his back fence.
 Or in drowsy sleep, lazing about freely,
 Unmindful to receive it with concern.
 Then the Time will carry it away for ever.
 Regretting it in leisure, yearning it, to come back.
 A golden treasure looted by ruffians,
 Will ever remain elusive and lost for ever.
 A torn kite in rough weather, doesn't mend.
 Shallow barren lands, submerged, doesn't yield.
 A satellite, rocket lost in direction.
 A ship wrecked marooned in deserted island.
 Talented seek for opportunities, to grab it
 With both hands, to hug it, embrace it, love it.

Our Children

Our Children are our blood, our bones.
 Our life line, our cream and butter.
 If they are happy, it makes us happier.
 If they are sad, it makes us sadder.

Every breath, we look for their joys.
 They are like green leaves to a tree;
 Feathers to a bird, a rose in a vase.
 A lamp in the darkness to set aglow.

Our children are like cool streams
 To parching lands and gardens.
 Warm Sun shine on a wintry day.
 Full Moon and shining Stars on a dark night.

They are light for our yearning eyes.
 Fragrance and love to our deserted hearts.

Hall marks of passing Time

Every day a part of our self is lost.
 The lavish burning Sun sucking part of life.
 Deepening in the soul melancholy.
 Unseen grieves stepping in the place of joys.

The childish pranks, youthful gaudy jokes
 Makes way for serious manhood.
 Devil hoodwinking the slippery man,
 Leading him to the pathways of Abyss.

The multi color twilight graying the hairs.
 Beauty of dancing damsels simply wanes.
 Bow & arrow of bewitching girls loosing its strings.
 Sphinx, Taj, Konark mutely watching passing Time.

Indian sparrow extinct, tiger reserves diminishing.
 Ozone layer shrinking, hall marks of Time.

Miss Charm of Life

Lamenting on past mishaps,
 Downfalls in this slippery world.
 Is like walking back ward
 And to cause cataclysmic grieves.
 Going back in time, in mind
 Shakes furtively the daily walk.
 Sitting glum like a cave man
 Without a streak of light.
 Turns one goalless without a future.
 Blankly staring the ceiling fan,
 Facing walls with endless stream
 Of fruitless thoughts, dried tongue.
 Then you miss the roses and charm of life,
 And the beauty the Nature presents.

Fallen Men

Ah! When will this madness end?
 Skinny babes in arms of sickly widows.
 Wailing and weeping for a pint of milk.
 Dark vultures pecking decaying bodies.

Ah! When will this madness end?
 Men in dragon net killing each other.
 Love starved humanity cracking up.
 Lingering hopes vanishing in dark dreams.

Ah! When will this madness end?
 Benign heaven is raining tears of blood.
 Soaking and choking the pathway of peace.
 Injured pigeon afflicted with deadly disease.

Ah! When will this madness end?
 Falling Rupee and empty granaries.

Endless Wait

Neanderthal man is still waiting
 The resurrection from the benign God.
 To question him about his preying
 On the animals for his food.

Like an orphan waiting for love and grace.
 Struggling in devastated life, deluge.
 Like a young pitiful destitute widow
 Thrown to the wolves and 'agni pariksha'.

Like sorrows binding the soul endlessly,
 Unlike rainbows quickly disappearing.
 AIDS, HIV and Cancer patients losing hope.
 Life hanging on sharp razor's edge.

Ancient monuments reminding past glory.
 Man searching and longing for little peace!

Love Betrayed

Here resides a sorrowful Saturn.
 Never changing his dress or bathing.
 Wretchedness surrounds and besides
 Spreading a ring of dust around him.

Weaker sections yearning fragrance, honey.
 There is no glittering lights to welcome them
 Nor flash bulbs to capture their memories.
 Literary moments escaping their dark minds.

Queer are the ways of sorrows to afflict me.
 Friends adulating, praising, appreciating.
 But lo one day suddenly with fangs deep,
 Striking me aplenty with glee.

Tears and tears flooding my benign being
 Love betrayed is to loose garden of bliss

Welcoming 2012

A joyous onset of New Year
To ring in unending happiness.
To drive away forever the blues.
The doors of the seven heavens
Opening up to mirth & pleasures.
A call from the unknown
Kindling in every heart,
A throb, love and affection,
A twinkle in the eyes, a cheer
On the lips, to welcome
The year 2012 with full of Peace
Tranquility and serenity.

Welcoming 2013

The pigeon with stalk of olive branch in its beak
Is soaring high welcoming the onset of year of peace,
Goodwill, harmony, multiple graces to Mankind.
Love is blooming in the gardens of bliss.

The cold December wind carrying all over
The melodious sweet harmonic music
To enchant and delight every sound heart.
Welcoming the onset of a year of cheer.

Those days of comfort, joys, milk and honey
Are again to return to make living in paradise.

Glorious 2014

Mahatma, Madiba broke the shackles
Of Slavery to lead man to freedom.
To heavenly bliss of equality.
Bringing back mirthful innocence on earth

The dark clouds have all disappeared.
The bright yellow and silvery sunshine
Has waken up the humanity
To a glorious, joyous era.

'Aam Admi' has drawn herculean strength,
To chase away the evil phantoms.
To conquer the pinching hunger.
To set the ball of happiness rolling.

Let us enliven our daily life,
On the onset of two thousand fourteen.

A Prayer

O Lord! Treat me as the meanest
Of Your creatures, humblest
Amongst the mankind.
Let me be dust under the feet of Holy men.

O Lord! Let Thy love engulf me.
Enlighten my mind million times.
Lead me to the truthful paths.
Strengthen my resolve to serve Thee.

O Lord! Forgive all my sins.
Bless my parents, my siblings.
Bless all your creatures.
Let love increase & hatred freeze.

O Lord! Accept my thanks for bounties received.
Let peace prevail and wars cease.

Quatrains

1. Life is a bloody battlefield.
Fight when you should with all force.
Broker peace when you must.
Lie low when the tides are high.

2. Quran is crystal clear reasonableness.
Not magic chicanery to win hearts.
With darkness, deaf ears, blind eyes.
Knowledge is a prism to throw rainbow colors.

3. Nature has provided two hands and legs.
For one is not sufficient to clap.
Brotherhood brings in solace, peace.
Happiness needs to be nurtured.

4. Hypocrisy is of dual nature.
One with deep goodness inside.
Due to torture, compromise outside.
While another is other way round.

5. Life is like a cricket match
You score runs or get out for nought
You scale heights or get disappointed
You get injured and fail to perform

6. Hundreds die during pilgrimages
In most holy places
At Makka or Sabri Malai
By stampede or fire, what wisdom lies?

7. Lips get sealed with out movement.
Turn to frost like cold snow,
When the burning lamp inside pops.
Is heat and fire life, coldness, death?

8. Man has passed through cave age
Stone Age and Iron Age.
Bigoted age with cold symbols.
To an age of enlightenment.

9. Roses in December bring hopes
For fresh stream of life anew.
To spread fragrance in air afresh.
Life is a mixture of shade and light.

10. A drop separated yearns to join the ocean.
To mingle and drown in nothingness.
Multitudes spring in myriad rain bowed colours
Alas all merge to make a silvery screen.

11. Every fragrant rose to delight,
Has a thorn to prick to bleed.
From marshy waters springs a lotus.
All that glitters is not precious stones.

12. If I need to live I need to pay taxes.
The vagaries of the seasons does not deter me.
The sign of unknown does unnerve me.
But warrants and summons are hand cuffs for me.

13. In the middle of silent scary night
 I wake up with a shudder, sleeps takes a flight.
 Old hidden memories erupt to shake my mind.
 I read to refresh stale poetry of every kind.

14. They cling like creepers, parasites.
 For freedom means destitution for them.
 They fight, quarrel endlessly every time.
 Only to sleep together with kisses many.

15. So many bleeding hands work.
 To bring joys for the millions.
 Love is a soothing balm
 To the burning hearts

16. Days will pass, months and seasons.
 But my love to you will never wane.
 My spirits will enliven, my smiles will increase.
 Love and love alone will cherish my soul.

17. Yesterday is dead, today is alive
 Make most of it pleasantly
 To allow tomorrow to arrive for sure
 In a bright and a surer way.

18. Yesterdays were full of pains & sorrows.
 You resisted evil, walked in straight line
 Today has come to you in a better way.
 Keep your goodness, let tomorrow be gay.

19. Sow not evils in the sand of time.
 For it sprouts into a thorny plant.
 To give fruits of bitter taste.
 You reap what you sow today.

20. Let every day be a new & fresh One.
 Forget the past sultry day.
 Make best use of today with tears.
 For tomorrow will bring you no fears.

21. Remember not yesterday's battles.
 About gory blood shed & injuries.
 Smoothen today with love and affection.
 So that tomorrow doesn't bring affliction.

22. Unmindful of the cruel ways of fate.
 I put in heart & soul in my way.
 Days, months and years passed by.
 Bearing honeyed sweet fruits for me.

23. I worked hard all my way,
 With love and affection in my heart.
 Unmindful of sorrows binding me.
 My cheerful today is thanks giving for me.

24. Unmindful of my enemies' mechanizations,
 I dedicated every day for my work.
 To make it perfect in every way.
 Today, I look back with satisfaction.

25 Sincere to the core, honest and true,
I flowered my way all along.
The path was strewn with weeds and thorns.
Today, I retired without having any blues.

26. With tears of repentance relive your life.
Make way for tomorrow to arrive.
Work hard all way long with sweetness.
Let your future come without sadness.

27. Don't go to battle field unarmed.
Your bitterest enemy will slice you.
Be ever prepared and ready.
Work hard with Truth and honesty.

28. "Fools built houses for wise men to live in"
Let not your adversary destroy you,
When you are deep in mire.
Win people's heart with love & be true.

29. Do not water your enemies with your sympathy
Nor work for their well being.
For they are ever ready to destroy you.
Be cautious, work hard all your way.

30. Drive away the frowns on your face.
With smiles and smiles and laughter.
Good humour is the best medicine.
To counter tensions of the bitter life.

31. For one, who sees and accepts Truth,
Is to arrive at the threshold
Of enlightenment and knowledge.
To wash away sins and purify oneself.

32. The faith in truth, its intensity & rigour
And power to convert and transform hearts,
Cannot be measured by rationality.
Its very sincerity attests to its nature.

33. Flow of tears from tender loving heart,
Are expression of deep love.
A tender rose is a rare beauty,
Which brings pleasure on its sight.

34. The pangs of separation from beloved
Is expressed with flow of streams of love.
It shows the tenderness of the heart.
Love is a beautiful flower of life.

35. Be alert on the mechanization
Of the inner animal, devilish soul
For it is sure to drown you
In mirth, pleasure and sorrows.

36. It is not enough to recognize
The existence of solitary Truth.
But requires every human heart
To bid for it and embrace it.

37. Forgiveness is a shining sword
To slash the boastfulness of the enemy.
Love, affection alone can win their hearts.
Dawn of Truth is a defining moment.

38. Don't idolize the faults in your heart.
Cleanse the same with purity of light.
Let the inner and outer life.
Be for worship of the Great One.

39. Journey to the 'Kaaba' of your heart,
The centre, the point of love,
From where emits the light.
That encapsulates the being.

40. Forgiveness is a great virtue.
To unite the hearts in a bond.
From which flows the milk of human kindness.
To nurture humanity in peace.

41. Only the fearless can weather the storms.
The stricken humanity succumb & fall.
Like Adam & Eve than to seek His pardon.
O Lord! Your Grace can save humanity.

42. Before the wrath of the Lord
Visit our threshold with its 'namaste,'
Let us submit and seek His pardon
Seek forgiveness for the erring humanity.

43. Today the god men, 'swamis', & 'fakirs'
In various colorful dresses & headgears
Have become Robin hoods & Veerappans
To scare & rob the innocent victims.

44. The godmen, 'sadhus' 'swamis' & 'fakirs'
Instead of becoming saviors for humanity
Have become messengers of death.
Like 'Yama', to carry their booty every day.

45. What a seizure of soul, body and mind?
When the message dawned on purified soul,
To convey to the waiting humanity.
Purified souls suffer for erring souls.

46. Large majority of people live in self doubt.
They are yet to understand the meaning
And purpose of life, the ideals
And straight paths to walk upon.

47. Those who have a purpose in life,
Have found peace in their hearts.
Gather together, join hands in hands.
Live in harmony, happiness & joy.

48. Those who get disturbed from straight paths,
Lose peace of mind for a while,
Till they find the path and light.
Love is a good anchor to face storms.

49. I was always looking for freedom.
From wants & burdens of life;
But the rigmarole of daily needs,
Kept me in slavery and shackles.

50. I reached a point in my life
When destiny freed me from wants.
I am self sufficient & satisfied;
To live a life of freedom and rest.

51. What punishment can a particle of a dust have?
It's elimination and extinction is just sufficient.
Man is not even a speck in the entire cosmos.
What meaning does it have for abyss or heaven?

52. Who has to give death? Who has to give life?
Our prayers are mere wishes.
If wishes become true and horses.
"Beggars would ride them."

53. Individually and collectively
Humanity has to put enormous efforts,
For elimination of hunger and thirst,
For clothing, for joy and happiness.

54. It is easy to survive than to die.
Death does not come on bidding.
Nor on prayers or on lamentation.
A candle has to burn out itself.

55. In this strive torn condition of life.
We look askance, hither & thither.
We look for sympathy, kindness.
And yearn for love and goodness.

56. We console ourselves on our defeats.
On our non achievements of goals.
Either we blame fate or stars,
Or on machinations of our enemies.

57. A tree is known by the fruit
It bears bitter, sour or sweet.
Man is gifted by consciousness,
Intelligence, to be judged by his conduct.

58. In this journey of listless life,
We watch and experience
Umpteen people's completion of life.
Realise about straight path of right and justice.

59. I am in the side wings,
Watching the making and
Unmaking of destiny of many
Lonely roses, like solitary reaper.

60. We have built nuclear reactors,
To create atomic weapons;
As a threat to our enemies!
What protection from cruel tsunami.

61. To usher in goodness, kindness,
Humanity needs lots of patience,
Enormous hopes, steadfastness.
To see the fruits of endeavors.

62. Life lived in abject poverty, austerity.
What pleasures can paradise give?
What pain can hell mean?
Dust unto dust, lie to perish.

63. God said "Be", lo and behold!
The universe has come into existence.
With its own laws, Natural, Physical.
Man is subject to cosmic control.

64. Wakefulness is a state of joy.
Or for sorrows to bind the soul.
Happy deep sleep relieves all;
Refreshes and rejuvenates life.

65. Forgetfulness and putting memory
To deep sleep helps to
Relieve mind of the hurts
And sorrows, to relive again.

66. Man is prepared to give up, heaven
When temptations grip the mind.
A well laid garden is destroyed
And his state is reduced to zero.

67. To regain lost paradise
The heavenly divine pleasures,
One needs to reduced to zero,
By shedding oceanic tears of repentance.

68. Every good deed is rewarded.
Every wrong deed is punished.
One needs to balance life,
By reducing evil, raising goodness.

69. God created man for love.
But placed in his heart
Temptation, lust, anger, greed.
A test to overcome, them to reach love.

70. Bubble busted, ageold myths exposed.
Beheld close to heart, adored, worshipped;
Icons hardly aware of our love,
Our feelings, our sacrifices, our laments.

71. Time you carry within your bosom
The sting and secret of destiny.
A feeling of being on cold 9 is a rare one
All the time faltering, looking askance

Haiku

1. A bare standing tree
Remove your moral breeding
A man of jungle

2. Birds in cold winter
Shudder, fly to warmer places
For their survival

3. Birds of same feather
Flock together, unity
Peace prevails in them

4. Socialization
Clean jungle within and thorns
For fragrance

5. Stinking poverty
Some say we are not grateful
You, not generous.

6. We need large spaces
In peoples crowd living
Festivals, relief.

7. The lingering past
Reminds of our lovely friends
Fragrances of roses.

8. Heaven splits, rainfalls
Water swells in dams
To irrigate, generate.

9. Unnatural deaths
Incessant streams of tears
Sorrows bind the heart

- 10 In the silent nights
Twinkling stars and crescent moon
Drowsiness and sleep

11. First flush of summer
King of fruit comes to market
Sweet juice to quench thirst.
12. Winter shorn of flowers
Cactus defies all seasons
Fragrance doesn't last

- 13 Honey bee deflowers
And sucks the nectar away
Pleasures of sweet heart.

14. Meek shall rule the world
Specter and crown shall tumble down
When masses loose fear

15. On a summer day
Humid air breezes our scalp
Love should live for long

16. Nature in our self
 Stars, moon, sun celestial signs
 Untie knots of time



17. Fragrance in my heart
 A petal falls, a bird calls
 Dew drops melt away



18. Seek oceanic love
 Lovely dreams out strip measures
 Heaven in your eyes



19. Flowers remove fears
 Gush of tears remind of love
 When heavy fog lifts.



20. Greenish encroachment
 Inundating marshy lake
 Spread of pollution



21. Feels pain in pleasure
 Blossoming flowers are lost
 Sadness dawns in heart



22. Agony in heart
 When nightingale sings sad songs
 Reminds of lost love



23. Dusk to dawn curfew
 Turturing of guns
 Sorrowful silence



24. Changes in seasons
 Beaming sun melts mass of snow
 Greenery spreads around



25. Winter ends blossoms
 Trees shed leaves become naked
 White snow envelops



26. Defining moment
 When sun rises in horizon
 Life begins to shine



27. Radiation effect
 The destroyed nuclear plant
 Cruel Tsunami



Notes

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